

RESTORATION



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No. 10.

Song Of St. Cecilia Rivals Bird Songs In Canadian Woods

By Barrie Vannon

The birds are melodious these September days. They have raised their broods and taught them all that little birds should know. The woods are enormous pantries for them, the fields and the hillside are overrun with wild berries, and there is water enough in the river for their baths.

They warble sweetly, even as they begin to pack up and go, with the tourists, back to milder climates.

But other songs come to us here in this Canadian "back bush"—the songs of friends who are thinking of us, the songs of those who write us, and the songs that are printed in some of the Catholic magazines and pamphlets that come our way, the songs of men and women waking to a new appreciation and a new love of Our Lady. These songs are sweeter by far than even the most musical of the larks.

Among these, which we are glad to reprint here—that you may sing it too—is one published in the weekly leaflet of St. Cecilia's church at 45th and Wells streets, in Chicago, "The Song of St. Cecilia." The pastor, our great friend, Father John Ireland Gallery, sings this song—without the aid, or the need, of his mellow guitar. He calls it "Shrines of Our Lady," and begins it with a few words of Adelaide Proctor's.

Father Gallery Sings

There are many shrines of Our Lady

In different lands and climes

"Your pastor had the rare privilege of visiting many shrines of Our Lady in Europe. While Father Tom and his mother went to Lourdes, I flew to Lisbon and drove to Fatima. The driver told me that 500,000 people were there on May 13 this year, but another man said 'That's an exaggeration—there were only 450,000.' Which is the same as 4½ million here, because the total population of Portugal is little more than Cook County, and most of those people walked for days to get to the 'Holy Mount.' Among others, I met a young lady there who told me she was cured of cancer of the bowels. There was an English pilgrimage there at the time, which sang 'God Save the King' at the close of their pilgrimage, so the Bishop of Leria (Fatima), a couple of Irish Dominicans and J. Ireland Gallery got over in another corner and sang 'All Praise to St. Patrick.' That round was about even.

"In Rome Our Holy Fath-

er gave us all here in St. Cecilia's the special blessing he reserves for Americans—he feels we are the leading nation of the world now, and so have special need of God's guidance. Two apparitions of Our Lady have been reported just outside Rome lately, notably the one at Tre Fontani. So far the reports have not been approved by the Church. As late as the 26th of this May an apparition has been reported near Brindisi, Italy, witnessed by the archbishop and the mayor of the place and many other people. Our Lady is said to have again urged people to work for the conversion of Russia and the sanctification of priests. Then, the report says, she worked another miracle of the sun, like at Fatima on 13 Oct. 1917. Naturally, the Church has not yet fully investigated this. All Rome is a shrine of Our Lady—there are 52 major churches dedicated to her.

A Beautiful Story

"On May 28 your pastor had the privilege of saying Mass at the tomb of St. Cecilia, our patron. Like Our Blessed Mother, St. Cecilia remained a virgin although she was married—Valerian, her husband became a Christian and saw the angel to whom she was 'espoused' after having been baptized by Pope St. Urban. The house of the Cecilia family now forms the crypt of St. Cecilia's church. Her coffin was opened about 1845 and her body found uncorrupted. There is not a more beautiful story in all the lives of the saints than the life and death of St. Cecilia, excepting of course the life of Our Lady herself.

"On May 26, Father Tom and I said Mass at the church of St. Agnes outside the walls, the titular church of our Cardinal archbishop. I said Mass that day for my classmate Leo Fahey, who was that day consecrated coadjutor bishop of Baker City, Ore. The nuns of St. Agnes shear the lambs once a year for the wool made into pallia for archbishops and certain bishops and blessed by the Holy Father.

"On May 27 we said Mass at the titular church of our late Cardinal Mundelein, who ordained most Chicago priests, the church of St. Mary of the people. The Romans tell us that the emperor Nero, perhaps the worst of all early persecutors of the church, was buried in that place. One day his ashes were dug up and scattered

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On The Credit Side

(By W. C. Dwyer)

Like the evening mists that gather above the grassy meadows, rural peace and contentment, well being—true Christian existence—well up as from the roots, from the individual lives and hearts of the people. Contentment, for example, does not depend upon local circumstances for reality, but originates in the mind and heart. One can be contented anywhere, almost, if he sets his mind to it. He can take nearly any "batch" of circumstances and revel in them if his heart is in the right place and he can see the Will of God shining through.

Rural life is infected morally with a bevy of baneful bacilli. These are hate, mistrust, utilitarianism, economic piracy and egotism. In speaking about this infection I mean that our people have, in one way or another, become infected with one or all of these diseases and consequently cannot experience rural peace, contentment. Moreover they are not living truly Christian lives... Hold your hat for a moment while I digress...

So Many Faults

I am supposed to be writing about credit unions. Sure. But credit unions, properly operated can be the outward proofs of basic principles and spiritual values. The goal of credit unions is economic security which is not possible unless grounded upon the Christian principles of justice, honesty, love and all the rest.

Another thing—I am sometimes called to task, for finding so many faults in people and expressing them in such a blunt manner. I take refuge in the fact that the Holy Father calls a spade a "spade" when he finds something wrong with the world. No vain or proud and hard hearted person wants to hear his faults paraded. He quickly becomes angry and starts to vituperate in

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A Lay Woman Speaks Her Mind About Many Things That Concern Us

By Charlotte M. Meagher

The Editors of Restoration saw this article in the Magazine, and thought it important enough to reprint. The magazine and the author graciously gave us their permission to do so.

So well aware am I that as a lay woman I am here and now treading a trembling sod, to borrow a word from The Four Masters, that I shall begin by an effort to steady my foot steps. "Please don't think, Father, that I'm trying to run the parish," I once demurred when bringing to a priest's attention a condition which I felt he should know. "But you should, you should." His response was as emphatic as it was gay. "Remember Saint Catherine of Siena!" I have been steadied also by Father LaFarge writing in a recent issue of America: "The lay apostolate, ordinarily, does not receive even a small part of the encouragement or the expert direction which the times demand." And His Holiness, Pope Pius XII, in his memorable address to the College of Cardinals in 1946, declared that it is necessary for the laity "not only to belong to the Church, but to be the church."

Where Are The Saints?

Thus supported on my trembling sod I pass to my theme. "What the world needs is saints," said Pope Pius XII in his prescription for peace. He did not ask for scientists or physicists, not even social workers or teachers—no, nor for religious. The call is all inclusive. My question is, what are we doing about it? Of course I am going to be answered here that every Catholic altar is a generator of Grace, every group of contemplatives is a dynamo of Grace, every church service, every private devotion is training for sainthood. One agrees, and without going into the business of refraining from sin and the occasions of sin, but harking back to the Holy Father's emphasis on the laity's actually being the Church, I ask can one be satisfied with these beautiful oases of Divine Grace when one looks about over the vast desert places of the puny efforts of today?

To begin with our prayers: we say daily, perhaps many times daily, "Thy Kingdom Come," but what do we do about it? What do we, the butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker, or the rich man, poor man, beggar man—what do we do consciously to bring about the Coming of Thy Kingdom?

We pray, "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us," and never question the measure set.

Do We Forgive?

Yet how much do we forgive those who trespass against us? How much do we—or should I say did we—forgive the Germans or the Japanese? Yet, we all said the words every day! How much do we, even we who profess belief in the Mystical Body of Christ, accept the Oriental, the Negro, the Mexican, the Jew? Still we all pray the Lord's Prayer, and we all once learned the Beatitudes. (Perhaps we think these can be left behind with our marbles and our dolls—and our catechisms!—Father Ellard's Adult Catholicism to the contrary.)

And how do we pray? Someone has just recommended the fourteenth chapter of Saint Paul's Epistle to the Corinthians as a check-up on our mode of praying. Do we see ".... that all is done to edification"? Do we speak our words ".... with our understanding"? How are we exemplifying prayerful intonation, prayerful manner before our children.

Contrast the Walter Winchell rush of Hailmarful-grace type of prayer diction with the beauty of Monsignor Sheen's recitation of these same words; or with the saying of the prayer at the close of the Catholic Hour by the radio announcer—who would lose his job at once if his diction ever reached the low of which I am complaining. Are we doing right by our children? Can we not at least start the little ones off with an appreciation born of constant thoughtful reverent saying of the prayer words?

Sign of the Cross

How do we make the Sign of the Cross? Does that sign carry any real significance for us? An outsider could not be blamed for feeling that it has none if he were to judge from the way most of us make use of the sign, which use we still beautifully call blessing ourselves. "The hand moved slowly down his breast, then to his shoulder, and Lord Marchmain made the Sign of the Cross. Then I knew that the sign I had asked for was not a little thing." Evelyn Waugh's recognition and evaluation should awaken some of us of the Church Dormant to the fact that that Sign is never a little thing.

Perhaps Frank Sheed's—
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WHERE LOVE IS—GOD IS

The symphony grows, expands, reaching out to heaven; binding heaven and earth into one through the NEW SONG . . . CHRIST'S SONG OF LOVE—THE BEATITUDES—the song that ends in the almost unbearably beautiful note of pain that is joy, of death that is life, of the Cross that is the key to eternal beatitude!

Listen to the majestic accent of the last bar . . . BLESSED ARE THEY WHO SUFFER PERSECUTION FOR JUSTICE SAKE, FOR THEIRS IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.

The man of Sorrow speaks, He in Whom all the Beatitudes had their complete fulfillment, He Who died on a Cross to redeem us from our sins . . . Is it at all strange then that He makes pain the condition of union with Him?

"IF ANY MAN WILL COME AFTER ME, LET HIM DENY HIMSELF, TAKE UP HIS CROSS AND FOLLOW ME" . . . Suffering was the measure of His love for man . . . and suffering was to be the measure of man's love for HIM!

Let us face this mystery which all of us have probed to some depths. For all of us who have loved know that LOVE IS PAIN. Perhaps the world today is in such chaos because so few really love. Fear of pain has become almost morbid in our days. We run from her, as fast as our puny little spiritual legs can carry us. Husband and wife divorce each other, at the slightest pin-prick of pain. Mothers leave children at her sight. Children seek to escape her, in a thousand and fantastic ways that bring about juvenile delinquencies and vandalism. Men dream of a painless world . . . forgetting that it may well become a loveless world.

For Lady Pain is beautiful. Her face reflects God's, for She was His constant companion. And it was at the foot of the Cross that her white garments were dyed crimson in His blood.

To love is to bear witness to someone or something. To love God is to bear witness to Him. But His Kingdom is at war with the Kingdom of the World which belongs to the Prince of Darkness.

Where there is war there is pain. Especially in a war where Love fights Hate. And we must all wage this war or perish.

Let us therefore cease to be afraid of pain. Let us take it unto ourselves, lovingly . . . for the sake of Love that died for us. Strangely enough, if we do, joy will be ours. Such joy as we never knew existed. Pain will vanish in the flood of this joy . . . and the kingdom of God will be ours, now, today, and forever and forever.

That is the real mystery of LOVE . . . OF PAIN . . . OF GOD'S NEW SONG CALLED THE BEATITUDES. Let us sing it with Him. For if we do, the world and we with it, will be restored and healed in Him. And peace and happiness will be ours, now and in eternity.



FIVE ACRE MEDITATIONS

by Eddie Doherty

The year has labored hard and unrelentingly, in snow and sleet and rain and wind and sun. It has busied itself with many things on these few acres in the Canadian back bush. It has tended the berries and vegetables and salad greens and nuts. It has rounded out the suckling pigs that came to us in April, and built a model sty for them. It has put up a woodshed, an ice house, and a slab-sided cabin. It has multiplied our legions of bees. It has eased the pressure of an infarcted heart, and given a measure of strength and activity to one who lay so many days in bed, "a squaw man."

It has brought out two new books this scribbler wrote in other years, a biography called "Tumbleweed," published by Bruce; and the story of Blessed Martin de Porres, entitled "Martin," bought by Sheed and Ward. It has given us a nice black pup—but we will not cut off his tail, for we do not wish to retail him).

It has induced many welcome guests to visit Madonna House; has dropped, like manna in the desert, a group of teaching nuns in a spot just down the road; and it has increased the circulation of this paper more than tenfold.

Like A Miser

Now, in the autumn of its life, the year rests, contemplates its various achievements, and looks with delight and pride at the acres and acres of gold it has amassed.

Gold? It is in the leaves of the sunflower—the bright pennons that stream from the rim of the "cobblestoned" heart. It is in the bold and lovely shoots of the yellow gladioli, in the petals of the California poppies, and in the lacy fronds of the goldenrod that gladden the sandy roads and the browning hillsides.

There is gold wherever you look these mellow September days; and there will be greater treasures of gold next month in the leaves of the birch and the poplar and the maple.

The goldenrod may be weeds to you, if your hay fever is affected by their pollen; but they are extraordinarily beautiful to me. They are among the most exquisite works of the Master Goldsmith. In their design I see the same infinite detail He leaves on the window panes in winter—to let little boys and girls know He looked into their bedrooms during the night. And in their fragrance, just today, I found a magic that cut through more than half a century of forgetfulness, and placed me in a waving field in Wisconsin.

Long, Long Ago

There were black and yellow striped bees in the field, and I thought they were born of the pollen, the gold dust of the flowers. I thought they were so many buds; kin to the gossamer shreds of the milk-pods that sailed through the hazy summer day. It didn't seem odd to me that they hummed. The goldenrod hummed too, when it didn't whisper. The wind was noisy. The grass was noisy. Even the earth was noisy if you listened with your ear pressed tight to it.

There was a woman with me, tall, golden-haired, slim,

blue-eyed. There were rough places in the field where a boy might stumble and fall. There were briars that might scratch him. There might be snakes in the green about his ankles. There might be bugs that would bite or sting. But I held onto the woman's skirt, knowing there was safety there from all danger.

"Your grandma says that if we could obtain even the tiniest piece of the thread of one of Our Lady's garments," the woman said, "we could hide behind it. The whole world could hide behind it."

Perhaps these are not exactly the words she said; but the meaning of her thought is there; and the sense of a boy's bewilderment; and the glory of the billowing goldenrod, and the white of the woman's arms.

How could the world hide behind a thread, and why should it hide? The boy didn't know.

Behind A Thread

"That thread would hide us from all evil, from all danger. The devil would have no chance at us. And we would be forever young and innocent—as you are now."

We hadn't the thread, she said; and probably never would own so wonderful a treasure. But we had the same thing. Our Lady had given it to some of her best-loved children; and they had given it to all who wanted it. We had the scapular.

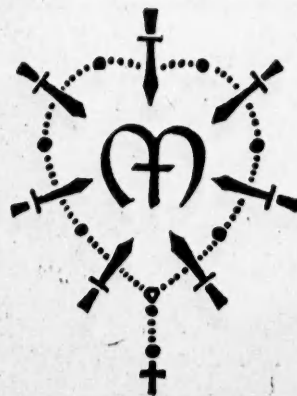
"Sure what is the scapular," she asked, "but a part of Our Lady's own robe—maybe the very one she wore when she walked with her little Boy through goldenrod like this? Not just a thread, mind you, but a very big piece. We wear it, like little children clinging to Our Lady's robe as we travel through the earth—and it hides us from everything that could harm us."

September! The world is splashed with gold. And my hands reach out to it as they did fifty years and more ago, to take it from field and road and dried-creek bank, to keep it near me as long as I may.

More gold will fall to the earth next month, in glinting showers from the trees; and the goldenrod will have tarnished and died; and the woman who walked with me through the golden field in Wisconsin so many, many years ago, will have been dead twelve months.

She was eighty when she died. But in the magic light of God's golden flowers she is in her twenties. And I am again a child!

The year has been most kind.



The B's Corner

As I already wrote, July and August have been visitors' months in Madonna House. Priests, lay people, young and not so young, came to see the works of Friendship House on what, to most of them, is the edge of the wilderness. They came too, to rest, and to talk about God and the things of God.

As always, I was astonished at the tremendous hunger for knowledge that is to be found these days in people of all walks of life, all ages, all sexes. It seems as if indeed the fire of the Holy Ghost were sweeping the world, lighting the souls of men. But alas, I also was amazed at the ignorance of so many Catholics of even the fundamentals of their faith, and at the bewilderment of youths who want to take part in the Restoration of the world to Christ, but do not know how to go about it.

Daily it becomes more apparent that those of us who are teachers, either by profession or avocation, or through the lay apostolate, must come down to primary facts. Be very clear and precise, as well as concise in all our explanations. Start from the beginning, in fact with the catechism, and go on from there.

Take for instance the matter of spiritual direction, which is as old as the Church itself, and which is the surest and best way to sanctity. Pope Leo the 13th said: "Grace comes to man through man, and especially through God's representatives, who are eminently qualified to direct souls to God." He then goes on to explain why the subjecting of one's will to that of a spiritual director and guide is so beneficial for the individual growth in holiness.

And of course it is. For it is part of the "office" of the priest to "direct" souls into the ways of perfection according to their state of life. For after all, Catholics know that they have been created to love, honor, and serve God—so that they may enjoy the Beatific vision in eternity. They must realize that they have been created TO BECOME SAINTS, for only saints will enter heaven. True they will undergo purgatory if, dying in the state of grace, they have to make up for the many things they did not do while alive. But since CARITAS—LOVE is the motivating power of our Holy Faith, why not become saints here on earth and fulfill the Lord's injunction? BE YE PERFECT AS MY FATHER AND I ARE PERFECT. To be a saint is to be a lover of God, and who of us Catholics does not desire to be a lover of God?

Yet when the talk turns to spiritual directors and directions, most Catholics look astonished and remark that such are for nuns only. Oh, no! they are for all of us who want to know God better, love Him daily more and more, and advance on the road to perfections daily, here on earth.

A spiritual director is usually a priest of one's own choosing. The Church insists on that freedom of choice. Even the most cloistered of religious have it. He may and may not be the pastor, or a curate, of one's own parish. The best way to

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COMBERMERE

By Catherine Doherty

Practically in every issue of RESTORATION, I have asked for Staff Workers — young men and women, to examine their souls, consult their spiritual directors, and find out if they haven't a vocation to the Lay Apostolate, Friendship House style — specifically to our Canadian rural field. Thanks to the goddess of God I have had some responses, and am even now awaiting the arrival of a young man to join our small forces.

But today I want to be much more specific. I want to extend an invitation to Nurses, registered graduate Catholic nurses. For if there IS A NEED IN COMBERMERE, IT IS FOR NURSES. I am the only one in a hundred square miles or so, and I can't devote ALL my time to it, though God knows there is enough need of nursing to fill the days and even some nights of a young and zealous girl.

Yes, a nurse would find plenty to do. True she would not be getting any salary. She would be a regular Friendship House Staff Worker, working for the love of God and the Apostolate. But surely there MUST be ONE Nurse in Canada who would want to come and work where she is so much needed, for Christ in the sick! If there is . . . Lord direct her steps Madonna Houseward!

Merry Christmas!

September seems pretty early to talk about CHRISTMAS . . . but not for us. Our last year's party for a hundred youngsters is still the talk of the district, but we were "new" then and did not quite know our way around. This year we are "old timers" one may say, and we know that we have a job ahead of us. Many a youngster is already stopping us on the sunny roads and asking, "ARE YOU GOING TO HAVE A CHRISTMAS PARTY AGAIN THIS YEAR, B?" . . . I say that of course we shall . . . but I do not tell them that it does not depend on me, but on the understanding charity of our Canadian and American friends.

September is the month of school and college openings. Teachers, lay and religious, plan the missionary activities of their pupils. May we humbly beg a little place in them? Crumbs from your holy tables of carity. Like last year. We would like TOYS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS . . . SWEATERS, MITTS, CAPS, AND SUCH WEARING APPAREL AS YOU CAN SPARE . . . CANDIES . . . CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS. We ask IN THE NAME OF CHRIST THE CHILD . . . PLEASE!

Speaking of parcels. I want to clarify some of the difficulties our good friends have when mailing parcels to Canada. Please tell your post-offices and express companies: THAT WE HAVE SPECIAL ARRANGEMENTS WITH CANADIAN CUSTOMS WHO ARE WELL ACQUAINTED WITH OUR WORK, AND THAT IF YOU CLEARLY HAVE MARKED ON THE PARCEL — "FOR MISSIONARY AND CHARITABLE WORK ONLY," IT WILL COME TO US DUTY-FREE.

Our addresses are as follows: POSTAL—MADONNA HOUSE, COMBERMERE, ONTARIO, CANADA. EXPRESS — BARRY'S BAY,

ONTARIO, CANADA, ON THE CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAY. The railway name IS VERY IMPORTANT. We have two railroads in Canada, and often there is a mix-up. Barry's Bay is our nearest RAILWAY STATION AND IT IS ON THE CANADIAN NATIONAL. Please be sure to so mark it. Thank you.

Dear Santa Claus

This year we would like to get the staggering amount of 500 gifts, and 200 lbs of candies; for we are going to cover the neighbourhood thoroughly, if your charity helps us. Combermere proper, Half Way, Craigmont, Raglan, Madawaska, Belle Rapids, are all little adjacent villages. Most of them are within our parish, and I felt sad last year when their children wistfully told me how they missed the grand party we gave.

Am I asking too much? Can one ever? when the need is so great? Can one ever beg TOO MUCH FOR CHRIST'S BELOVED?

This column has definitely become a BEGGING COLUMN this issue, so I will take my courage in both hands and ask for help for Friendship House proper. Sometimes I wish one did not have to eat, nor heat a house, nor buy kerosene for lamps . . . but alas even Lay Apostles have to have these bare necessities to carry on. We have too. Our budget here, as in all other Friendship Houses is kept to a minimum, in fact to the yardstick of relief in the given community we happen to be living and working in.

There are permanently four of us here. And we manage on FIFTEEN DOLLARS A WEEK. It is not much . . . when one considers that this also takes care of a constant stream of visitors and volunteers. But fifteen dollars is fifteen dollars every week . . . sixty a month . . . Could I hope that among my readers there are charitable souls, who, understanding the work we are trying to do for the restoration of the world in Christ, would UNDERWRITE THESE SIXTY DOLLARS A MONTH? By this I mean, send us . . . five . . . ten . . . fifteen . . . one dollar . . . whatever they can afford . . . REGULARLY AND MONTHLY. I know I am asking almost for the moon . . . But to God all things are possible . . . and I am placing this request . . . in His most holy hands . . . right in His need of ours . . . For being so far away from everything and everyone . . . I have only this way of begging . . . THANK YOU.

To Our Lady

Oh, I need you at the dawning
When skies of gray grow blue,
And when the sun is sinking
My heart is needing you.
You're the glory of the dawning
That floods the earth with light,
The peace of all the beauty
That shrouds the world at night.
You're the chalice of Love's mercy,
The channel of God's grace,
His precious gift from Calvary
To our poor, fallen race.
You're my strength and consolation
Along temptation's way,
You know how frail the nature
Within this house of clay.
So I need you at the dawning
To worship Him through life,
When eventide is falling and
I weary in the strife.
Then when the Master summons
Thy child to realms above
I'll need your tender guidance
To everlasting Love.

—Sister Marie Alma, S.P.

Laudamus Te

It may seem passably strange that I am about to write more on that apparently already well-covered theme — Friendship House. Yet believe it or not, much has been left unsaid — much that should have been said. There is a great interest, almost a hunger, among modern Catholic youth on the subjects of Catholic Action and the Lay Apostolate. They question me constantly. It is to answer their questions, satiate their hunger that I begin this new series of articles on Friendship House. This will also be, to me, an act of glorification, gratitude, and adoration, to the real Founder of Friendship House — The Holy Ghost.

The works of God in a human soul are a mystery. Well do I realize this. Often have I described it in my writings, as it touched me . . . told of the strange restlessness that was mine, the dissatisfaction with a good job and earnings, the overwhelming desire to follow Christ into the modern jungle that is inhabited by the have-nots, the masses, the forgotten ones; work without the benefit of a religious habit, become a servant of the poor for His sake — and battle Communism and all the other modern "isms" that corrode men's souls — face to face, body to body, as Jacob battled the Angel.

Then could I be sure God's voice spoke in my soul. Such was the appointed way of God and His Holy Church.

One person remained whom I had not visited, the head of Toronto's diocese, Archbishop Neil McNeil. Sorely afraid, I finally went to him.

He was small of stature, yet he had a great dignity. Deep blue eyes that looked right into you, saw very much. His head of white hair reflected strange lights that constantly changed his serene, calm face, in sun or shadow. He had a mannerism of closing his eyes while listening to you, as if he were asleep.

Haltingly, nervously I told my story. When I finished, the silence became a palpable thing in the big room. It lasted a long time. Then softly, reverently, His Excellency said: "Laudamus Te!"

He went on, in a stronger voice: "Child, your hunger, urges, restlessness are all of God. They are His call to a real VOCATION. A new vocation that has roots as old as the Church Herself. The vocation to the Lay Apostolate, which has been so forgotten, but which will soon sweep the world, for it contains all the answers to our modern problems which daily become more pressing, more fearful."

Follow the Cross

"For His own reasons God has chosen you to be a pioneer in it, to blaze its intricate trails. Your life will

All these were in him.

It seems only yesterday that I would come across his slight figure—he was in his eighties when I first knew him — walking slowly through Toronto's streets, talking to many, especially the poor and the shabby. Once in a while he would drop in for a cup of tea, and George and I still treasure the big blue cup he favoured because it held so much of his favourite beverage.

Lady or Tiger?

I remember well, too, one afternoon, waiting my turn in his parlor. Ahead of me was a little old lady wrapped in a big shawl. Every garment of hers, from shoes to shawl, spoke of great poverty and scrupulous cleanliness. She sat by the radiator, warming her thin veined hands, as if heat were a great luxury to her. Suddenly the door opened and a well known Important Rich man walked in. He no sooner had entered than he started pacing up and down the big room. Evidently he was in a hurry, for when His Excellency opened the inner door, he rushed to him, explaining that though he was the last-comer he was most anxious to see His Excellency about "a big donation."

What words could describe the simple dignity of the Archbishop, when, silently nodding to the Big Man, he crossed the room, and with hand extended and a warm greeting, spoke to the shabby old lady by the radiator?

Blessed are the Peacemakers



For They Shall Be Called the Children of God

But I never mentioned the many obstacles that confronted me. For I was a mother. My son George was about ten years old. I was the sole breadwinner. Nor did I tell of my long pilgrimage of "taking counsel." When seeking it, I knocked at monastery doors, and went from rectory to rectory, only to be invariably told that these urges, desires, and hungers of mine were temptations to be gotten rid of promptly. The will of God, the holy priests told me, was my son, and my vocation was only to be a mother.

Among the Poor

Wearily I agreed, and tried to accept their saintly advice. But the hunger of my soul would only grow deeper. The urge stronger. The restlessness worse. What to do? Vainly I sought peace in prayer. It would not come. All that would come was the ever-growing certainty that I HAD TO GO AND WORK AMONG THE POOR, BEING POOR MYSELF, FOR THE LOVE OF GOD. Yet well I knew that if this strange apostolate of my desire was to bear fruit before the Lord, I had to have the blessing and permission of the Church, given by one of her anointed representatives.

henceforth be hard, the going rough, your perseverance sorely tried. The Cross that you today so eagerly want to take up, will become heavier daily. Misunderstandings will be a bitter chalice to you. Persecution will reach its greedy hands out for you. Because of all these, and also because of your son, I must ask you to wait a year, to test your strange unusual but true vocation. Come back a year from today and may God bless you."

A year later he bade me to follow the call.

Of this I have written, but of the man whose voice was God's man to me, little has been said. And yet all of us in Friendship House owe him so much that a lifetime of gratitude and prayers will not even begin to repay.

His Excellency Archbishop McNeil hailed from Nova Scotia, the land of sturdy fishermen, settled predominantly by Scottish Catholics. He inherited their sturdiness, their deep loyalty, their keen, dry sense of humor, their noble simplicity and directness. Whence he obtained his infinite charity, his startling humility, and his prophetic vision, I could not say. All I knew was—

How gentle and tender was his courtesy, against her evident embarrassment! How gracious his helping gesture! He took hold of her arm and slowly led her to his inner room, allowing her to precede him through the door which he held open. How forceful yet simple was the lesson contained in the words addressed to the Big Man: "Each in his own turn."

Where are the words to be found that would do justice to his unfailing help to me and Friendship House, at a time when both were anathema to most people in the diocese! Every week I reported to him. Every week I received new light, new courage, new help, new understanding from a busy man — head of a large diocese, who always found time for even a frightened and weary lay apostolate in the making.

LAUDAMUS TE, GOD . . . FATHER, SON, AND HOLY GHOST . . . FOR HIS EXCELLENCY, ARCHBISHOP NEIL McNEIL, TORONTO, CANADA! FOREVER HIS MEMORY WILL BE ENshrined in my heart, AND I HOPE IN THE HEARTS OF ALL THOSE

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ON THE CREDIT SIDE

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retaliation. But a few people, with some sincerity and humility, welcome the exposition so that they may change their ways and restore Christ to their lives.

There are certain things wrong in rural life. Unless these are corrected there is no hope for restoration. Whether we like it or not we must parade these bugs, or bacilli, out in the open and then stamp them out of existence.—Here goes!

The first lowdown germ that we find boring within the folds of our rural life and society is HATRED. (There should be a law (civil) against it.) No use trying to make laws to stamp out hatred, people must be shown that they are actually hating and also that they dare not hate.

Christ vs. Hatred

Taking the last first, this hatred business can be changed, but only through the miraculous power of the religion of Christ. Christianity renewed the old pagan world, and it can restore this mixed-up and tattered modern world. But few people, especially our so-called good Catholic rural people, will admit at all, that they are verily living in hate with their neighbors. Yet they refuse to co-operate, to associate, to have anything to do with them. They call it being independent, standing on their own feet, keeping out of trouble, "enough to do to look after ourselves," none of our business, staying on our own side of the fence... Call it what you like it is hate, pure and simple.

There are farm families, in close proximity, that live as if the others did not exist, and have so lived for a generation or two. The bone of contention is the line fence or corner post. This could have been amicably arranged any time, if it were not for the hate that rankles in the breasts of the contenders. Such people would certainly not come together to form a credit union. Here and there a murder takes place.

Insanity of Hate

Some would say that such cases are isolated and prove nothing about the community. The courts may pronounce insanity as the cause but it seems to me that it is the insanity of hatred, nursed for years, that finally breaks out. To me it denotes an underlying state of decadence in any community. Hating has become a habit so prevalent that few notice the results of their actions. It is taken as a matter of course in these modern days. Rural people like their city cousins are boasting that they don't know their next-door neighbors, and think it a mark of distinction.

It may be the line fence, a last will and testament, difference in political or religious opinion, social de-

grees, economic discrepancies, jealousy, envy, feuds, fights, or filibusters; but the Commandment of Love is violated and forgotten.

Hate stalks through the open spaces, eating up the remains of unity, harmony and brotherly love. The spawn of this evil genius is mistrust (the antithesis of credit unions) which we hope to study in our next article.

SONG OF ST. CECILIA

(Continued from Page One)

to the winds, and for many days and nights after, devils were seen around there haunting the place and making disturbances. So a church was built on the spot and dedicated to St. Mary of the People and the place was exorcised and freed from the power of the devils. The Augustinian monk Martin Luther said his last Mass there before starting the Protestant reformation. The church is still an Augustinian church.

Get In And Fight

"A little known chapel of Our Lady, though important for us, is the chapel of the Chicago house on Via Cardagna, in Rose. "The College of St. Mary of the Lake" it is called. It is the home of Chicago priests pursuing post-graduate studies in Rome. Presided over by Father Ernest Primeau, nephew of Msgr. Primeau, pastor of Our Lady of Grace church on the north side, there are five of our men there now.

"Any time you have a group of Chicago priests, you usually find a priest from Brooklyn in the crowd. On Via Sardegna we have Msgr. Landi of Flatbush taking care of relief work for Italy being handled by the National Catholic Welfare Conference, Washington, D.C. The priests in Rome tell us that our success in the Italian elections was mostly due to Our Holy Father. Great as was the help of our armed forces, our millions of dollars since, and the flood of letters. The greatest single factor was the move of the Pope to tell all the priests, monks and seminarians of Italy—"take off your cassocks and get in there and fight the Communists in every town and hamlet in the land." And in spite of all that, the enemies of Christ rolled up 30% of the vote.

"When we asked the Romans if they thought Italy would go red in the future, they said, "That depends on whether De Gasperi's government puts in the land reforms so badly needed." The Holy Father has said he will never leave Rome—even if the country goes red, but the Kremlin could tie up the administration of the church so badly that the Vatican would be forced into another exile of Avignon in order to carry on its work, or Pius XII

THE B's CORNER

(Continued from Page Two)

find one is to pray well and hard for one, and also to seek one through the usual means, talking to various priests toward that end.

Having found the right man, one goes to him and asks him point blank to accept the direction of one's soul with a view of leading it to God in an orderly, supervised, and organized manner. This done, one gives him a short, concise picture of one's life and background, and of such faults, vices, and virtues, as one knows oneself possessing. Thereafter things pass into the priest's hands, and obedience to his directions is of the essence for the growth in holiness within us.

It is not necessary to receive all the directions in the confessional. Most of them can be had outside it. Nevertheless, a monthly confession and visit, or either, are advisable. This does not preclude more frequent receptions of the Holy Sacrament of Penance at one's own parish, which always remains the gateway of grace to all.

If only we availed ourselves of this marvelous help that is within the reach of all of us—if only Catholics had each a spiritual director—the face of the earth would be renewed, and the kingdom of God would be right here on earth where it was meant to begin.

Why not try?

CHAT WITH A SHUT-IN

Reach high, dear heart, above the tops of trees
And past the clouds—beyond the farthest star—
Forget you do not want to sing of these—
Forget to analyze the Why you are—

Reach up and you can gather all you seek—
The beauty that was youth, and prayers you planned,
And think them fervently—your eyes will speak,
And suddenly your heart will understand...

Too, you can gather gems from Keats or Poe
And vary them with those of Brahms or Bach
There are so many beauties you can know—
So many reasons why you need not mock...

Lift high your heart nor grieve you cannot give
A cynic's tone... a fatalistic nod...
You can compose great works by how you live
Inside your mind... and leave the rest to God...

—PEGGY WYATT

could join the list of martyrs. It has been a long time since Pope St. Martin I, the last martyr to wear the ring of the fisherman, but these are stirring times. Our Cardinal has wisely ordered a special prayer for the Pope at all Masses, except, of course, on great feasts, when there is no second prayer."

LAUDAMUS TE!

(Continued from Page Three)

WHO WERE, ARE, AND WILL BE, PART OF FRIENDSHIP HOUSE.

The Deep Purple

All I have left of him, physically speaking, is a silken purple robe, which innocently enough—or was it forgetfully?—he gave me one day when I went begging him for money to buy first communion dresses for a few little girls. Had he forgotten that they had to be in white? Who can tell? All I know is that he went upstairs and brought down his purple robe and bade me use it for the purpose on hand, for he had that day neither silver nor gold to give me, not even—said he—any silver spoons or forks left to sell or pawn.

A bishop's purple robe! I cherish it greatly. It is even now with me at Madonna House. I have often brought it out in time of sickness, doubt, sorrow and anxiety. A touch of it seems to relieve them all, and bring back peace.

BELOVED FRIEND... PRINCE OF THE CHURCH... FATHER OF FRIENDSHIP HOUSE... PRAY FOR US, YOUR SPIRITUAL CHILDREN... PRAY THAT FRIENDSHIP HOUSE AND ITS WORKERS MAY DAILY GROW IN UNITY, CHARITY, HUMILITY AND ZEAL.

A LAY WOMAN SPEAKS

(Continued from Page One)

mark that we do not have Catholic minds but rather "worldly minds with Catholic patches" takes in this manner of crossing ourselves. Even the patches seem to have shrunk.

Saint Paul covers all this when he warns his Corinthians to use mind as well as spirit when offering prayer or singing psalms: "If thou dost pronounce a blessing in this spiritual fashion, how can one who takes his place among the uninstructed say Amen to thy thanksgiving?"

Army of the Lord

Neither in speech nor in act does the army tolerate slovenliness. Its discipline is exacting. Yet we of the Army of Christ find ourselves decidedly lacking in our own discipline of reverence. Why do we permit ourselves to slump and squat when we know it is our prerogative to kneel, or to stand or sit, reverently, before our Eucharistic Lord?

A convert once confided to me that when she first attended Catholic services she was much perturbed in following the different postures. The kneeling, standing and sitting she managed with not too much effort and distraction, but what really troubled her was the half-sitting, half-kneeling position which she noticed most worshippers adopted, and which she thought was part

of our ritual. We might well use a few religious M.P.'s to keep us reverently upright.

We must become more spiritual or we are bound to become less so. We do not remain static. If we fail to become more spiritual, we are bound to become more material. Indeed, so surrounded are we, so hedged in, over-grown and choked by the material that we fail even to note the absence of the spiritual.

So secularized has our Western civilization grown—and we go on progressively growing thus—for four hundred years, or since the beginnings of the Protestant Revolt, that we have lost the sense of other-worldliness which impregnated the lives of our ancestors. This being the case we are satisfied with mediocrity. Witness the admiration poured out upon the good Father Chisholm in The Keys of the Kingdom. To many of us he was all that a priest need be. These never missed the many-splendored thing which is the essence of priesthood, the awesome power to put God on the tongues of Christians longing to receive Him, as Graham Greene put it in his portrait of another fiction priest, one drawn as far weaker, far less humanly good than Father Chisholm, but far more deeply spiritual, and in spite of all his faults, a far more priestly portrayal.

But if one dares to voice these strictures, one is deced as narrow-minded. "What was wrong with Father Chisholm?" one hears. Nothing; but he should have been something more. He had been ordained for stupendous supernatural acts; his ordination had given him stupendous powers. The characterization in the novel gives nothing of these. As some one pointed out he might have been a Salvation Army captain—and no one will deny the good accomplished by the Salvation Army officer. Yet Catholics were satisfied with the less than mediocrity!

S.O.S.

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